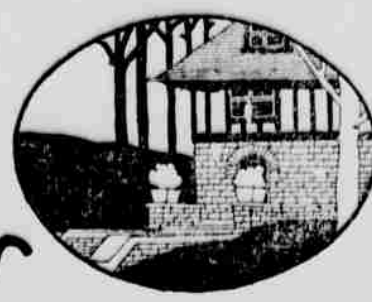


# THE HOME CIRCLE PAGE

EDITED BY LILIAN CRAIGEN ADAMS



## "Fancy Work" Is Useful Now

HOUSEWIVES BUSY THEMSELVES ADDING TO THEIR TREASURES OF FINE LINEN.

HOUSEWIVES as a fine art has come into fashion again. If the fact for needlework continues our grandmothers will soon have a room in the matter of chests of drawers.

And you wish to prove it just look at the woman next you on the porch. A few years ago her fingers could have been engaged in the intricate of Irish lace which she would have manufactured by the yard for her own personal adornment, but now she and all of the other workers who are so making sweaters are fashioning articles for the beautifying of their homes.

We have passed through many ages of attitudes since the day when our grandmothers commenced to knit. They prepared for marriage and housekeeping by fashioning sheets and pillow cases out of linen, embroidered napkins by hand and putting the completed articles away in a chest against such time as Romance arrived and they had a house of their own and a need of these dainty things.

There followed that dreary period, for instance, when many housekeepers were content to buy ready-made cotton sheets and pillow cases, cover their beds with hideous striped shams, and use their own precious time making "throw" out of ugly materials, finishing these off with ball fringe, and hanging them over the ends of mantelpieces and the back of chairs to interfere with the comfort of visitors and the dusting of the rooms.

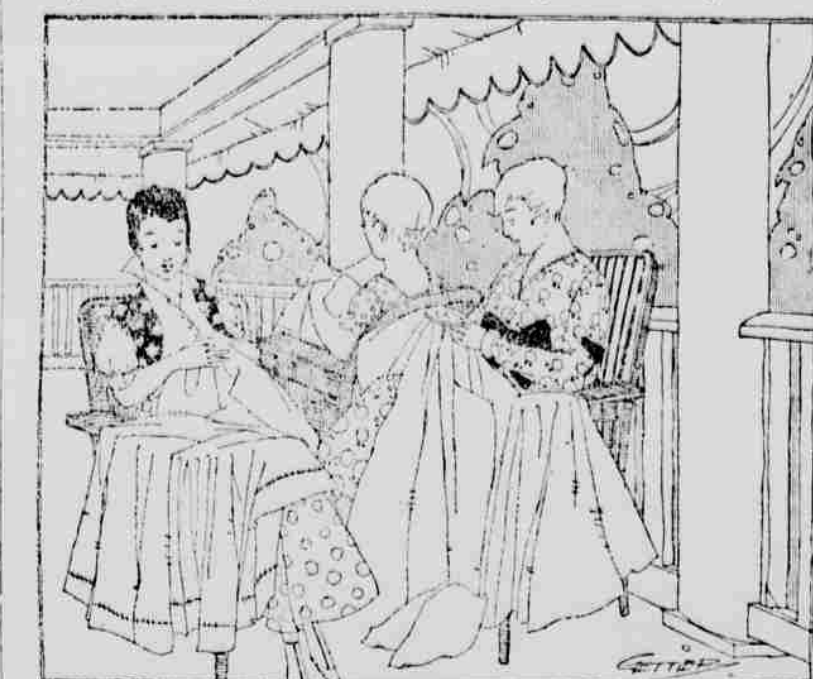
This was the era of the macramé lace, of mantel and window lambrequins, of machine-carved, haircloth covered furniture, and a thousand other distinguishing articles which made one's untidy and inartistic.

The fancy work of that day was as

absolutely useless as a chaperone is to the girl of this period. It was merely an excuse for wasting golden hours. That is the reason that the change noticed now is so welcome, that is the reason it deserves some mention.

For instance the woman who sits next you on the hotel porch is very busy crocheting lace. The finished product which appears from un-

der her flying fingers is about six inches wide and of a strong and pretty fluted pattern. She explains that she is making it for bedspreads.



The Woman Who Employs Her Fingers With A Needle Today Is Really Making Something.

der her flying fingers is about six inches wide and of a strong and pretty fluted pattern. She explains that she is making it for bedspreads.

"I make all of my own bedspreads," she says. "I make them of heavy linen; Belgian linen when I can get it,

of course a great improvement over the iron sorts if only the cook can be kept from spoiling it by greasing it.

THAT macramé au gratin makes the perfect food, rich in calories, and far more sustaining than either potatoes or rice, but that it is only properly made when a cream sauce is used with it. The sauce is made by placing a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan over the fire and when it is melted adding a heaping tablespoonful of flour. When this mixture has cooked until it leaves the sides of the pan add pepper and salt and pour in cold milk a little at a time, until you have a smooth and rather thin cream.

Cook until no taste of flour is left. Then arrange a layer of macaroni, which has been boiled until very soft in the bottom of a baking pan, pour over a little of the sauce and cover lightly with grated—not cut—cheese. Add another layer of macaroni, the remainder of the cream sauce, and more grated cheese. Cover the top with breadcrumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake in the oven until brown.

THAT there are many new and very useful aluminum ware articles to be had these days. There is for instance, the kettle which has three compartments so that three vegetables may be cooked in it at once, and only one burner of the gas stove used for the three—undoubtedly a great economy.

There is moreover a double omelet pan, shaped like a crescent, in which even the merriest two can produce both a shapely and a delicious omelet.

THAT the aluminum cake baker is

that my grandmother had in her trousseau sixty years ago, and they are whole though somewhat yellow from age."

To her left is seated a woman who is engaged in making a wonderful tablecloth, all of finest openwork embroidery. She says it will take her a full year to finish it but that when it is completed it will be more beautiful than anything she could possibly afford to buy and that it will set the table off beautifully at dinner parties.

A row of ladies in the immediate vicinity are smoking frocks for their little girls, for smoking continues to enjoy great favor, even the chemises of grown-up being so ornamented. The pattern dress which one of the workers holds up for admiration came from a great English shop and is of palest blue nainsook. The yoke is smoked and from it the little gown falls in straight lines in the old-fashioned way.

Of course, the myriads of sweater knitters still remain and the garments they make are soft and warm. The body of these is usually of some bright colored wool, but the bands down the front and the collar and cuffs are of gray or white Angora wool, which gives the effect of fur and is both becoming and effective.

There was undoubtedly a day when the term "fancy work" evolved a mental picture of some entirely useless and often very ugly article. But not today! The woman who employs her fingers with a needle today is really making something. She is not just passing the time, she is filling her linen closet.

## A Shopper Who Knew What She Wanted

THE lady of uncertain age was buying a bed. "I want," she said to the sombre-looking clerk, "a bed low to the ground."

"Certainly," answered the clerk obligingly, and showed her a four-poster that required a step-ladder to get into.

"Do you call that low to the ground?" demanded the lady contemptuously.

The clerk sighed wearily as one who is tired of guessing the vagaries of human nature, and led her to another.

"Too high," sniffed the lady. "It's the regular height, m'm," ventured the clerk.

"Then the regular height is too high," returned the emphatic shopper. "I could have the less cut off two or three inches," suggested the clerk.

"Then it would be out of proportion."

"Here's an iron bed that's low," said the clerk, and led the way to one that stood in a corner.

The shopper regarded this with some interest. "Will you oblige me by crawling under it?" she asked.

"By doing what?" inquired the clerk, startled out of his apathy.

"By crawling under it," repeated the lady crisply. "I must have a bed that no burglar can get under and if you can satisfy me that you cannot get under it I will take it."

## Tragedy of Being Average Size

THERE ARE NO BARGAINS FOR THE PERFECT 38 NOR FOR THE NUMBER 4 FOOT.

ALAS that that alluring thing the bargain is so often for the few and not for the many!

Reading the Sunday papers you find news of bargains which

heart all a-tutter with desire. There are shoes advertised in those columns at prices which even a pauper could afford; there are gloves practically to be given away; there are gowns and blouses offered at so much less than the original price that to buy them is a duty and not a privilege.

You are impatient to go after them.



A Perfect 38 Is Lost In A 44.

makes your eyes bulge with wonder and excitement and which sets your

Sunday seems an interminable day; Monday morning as slow in coming as Christmas is to the ten-year-old boy who expects a pair of skates from Santa Claus. Finally, however, the hour for action arrives and nine o'clock finds you making for the shops.

You go to the shoe department first for here shoes that were originally priced \$6 and \$7 may be had for one dollar a pair. The place is crowded with women each of whom hugs to her bosom one or more pairs of shoes while she roams about seeking an idle saleswoman to put them on her, and

idle saleswomen in that throng are scarce than pear-shaped pearls.

The shoes are all that the advertisement painted them. They are of fine leather and beautiful shape, but they are the shoes of summer and autumn approaches. You in your turn choose a pair and join in the search for someone to fit them on you. But you have to wait ages before you receive any attention at all. Having finally caught your saleswoman, thereby incurring the enmity of your dearest friend who wanted her first, she deals you a blow which is indeed a favor. She measures your foot and pronounces your doom. "My dear Madame we have not a single four A on sale," she says. "That is what may be called an average size and we sold all of that number out long ago. If you were a 2 B or a 7 A now I could fit you out at once, but as it is—"

You go away sadly. You have wasted an hour of valuable time, and are still without a bargain. You feel that fate has made an invidious distinction against you in that she has made of you neither a giant nor a dwarf.

It is the same thing with gowns and blouses. In these departments little women are buying gowns marked \$50 for twenty, and big women are purchasing blouses marked \$45 for ten, but when the saleswoman learns that you are a perfect 38 she shakes her head sadly. "If you could only wear a 44 I would let you have this beautiful coat for \$15," she says.

But puff as you may you cannot make of yourself a 44, and so you go out of here too without a single treasure.

At the glove counter there are five and there are seven, but not a single six on sale at reduced rates.

Bargains, it seems, are not for you. You are not fat and neither are you

Titanic and you will probably have to pay a regular price for your clothes so long as you live. It's a veritable tragedy!

## SEASONABLE JOTTINGS

THE pastel shades are to supersede the crude ones, dull reds, soft blues, pastels and all will take the place of the bright colors so recently popular; what will become of the brilliant sweater under this pronouncement is a question.

Legs are to be worn shapeless this year, but hips will be given a chance to expand.

Since the French soldiers are to wear helmets painted blue this winter, instead of the kepi, it is morally certain that we will all be wearing little blue bonnets before the season's over.

The very high turban is already among the new millinery that comes from Paris and the early hats as always are very small.

Madame is to rustle again for the dust ruffle of silk has reappeared and

the new taffeta petticoats have a lot of "body."

And things are to be gay, so that when the wind blows there will be glimpses of all the colors of the spectrum.

Gabardines and serges will be used for school dresses for girls and the plaid also retains its popularity for that purpose.

Remember the reappearance of the hoopskirt become more and more insistent. The new hoopskirt is a matter of a round or two of feathering that is suspended from the waist by means of flower decorated ribbons, but it performs the function of holding out the skirt just as well as did its homely predecessor.

Whipcords and gabardine will be used for tailored suits again, but so will Scotch and English tweeds.

## THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER SAYS

THAT among the labor saving devices lately placed upon the market is an ironing board that makes all former ironing boards look like the proverbial "old man."

This one stands alone.

No chairs are needed for it to rest upon to clutter up the kitchen. When in use it depends upon its own folding legs for support. More than this it can be made into a "sleeve" board, so that any sleeve can be slipped over it the better to be ironed, and conversely it can be made into a skirt board. In the latter case there is a

section which extends upon the floor to protect the folds of the skirts from contact with any dust which may be about. Altogether the board is really a valuable invention and quite worth the \$3.25 asked for it.

THAT there are many new and very useful aluminum ware articles to be had these days. There is for instance, the kettle which has three compartments so that three vegetables may be cooked in it at once, and only one burner of the gas stove used for the three—undoubtedly a great economy.

There is moreover a double omelet pan, shaped like a crescent, in which even the merriest two can produce both a shapely and a delicious omelet.

THAT the aluminum cake baker is

## THE TOWNBRED and THEIR COUNTRY PLACE

By Edward Riddle Padgett.

### A Trip To Town

NOT so very long ago Mr. Townbred decided to demonstrate to his wife his skill as a chauffeur. And, being very confident of himself, he selected a rather ambitious course—from their country place at Five Oaks clear into the city, a matter of some seventeen miles.

At least, it seemed ambitious to Mrs. Townbred; if not downright foolhardy. And Mrs. Townbred had no desire to do anything foolhardy on the day her husband had elected to ramble away from the office.

"Why, my dear," urged Mr. Townbred, "I've made the trip myself, as you know, any number of times."

"Yes," protested Mrs. Townbred, "but you were lucky."

"For goodness sake!" he exclaimed. "Why, Frieda, an automobile is—well, it isn't a toy—or a skittish thing like a sailboat—"

"But it doesn't always behave!"

"Oh, phaw! To hear you talk, Frieda, one might imagine you were contemplating a trip to Europe through the submarine flotilla! Come on, it's a fine morning—the air is simply great—and that rain last night merely laid the dust on the roads. We'll be in town in an hour, even driving slowly. Then we'll have lunch and later on take in the ball game. We can be back here in plenty of time for a seven o'clock dinner. Come on, be a sport!"

Mrs. Townbred smiled weakly. "I don't want to be a sport—I want to go in on the trolley car and—"

"Aw, shucks!" persisted Mr. Townbred.

"Very well, then, Ruthvin," she capitulated, with a heroic sigh, "I'll go in the machine—but you promise to drive slowly, don't you, and—Ruthvin Townbred, I just know something is going to happen!"

"All right—let it! What do we care?" Had Mr. Townbred been more experienced he might not have uttered such foolish words—for very few automobiles, even the best behaved of them, will tolerate such a deli-

Now, in justice to Mrs. Townbred, it should be explained that she was

by no means merely a silly little body. On the contrary, she had a right to be skittish about autos. For the memory of an auto upset she had been in before her marriage was still vivid in her mind. Then it had taken her nearly two months to recover from a number of minor injuries she had received. So her temerity was not entirely the result of a whim.

With "the boat" chugging away merrily, the Townbreds glided out through their front gate and onto the

smooth, well-oiled pike that ran for nearly half their journey. But from then on, alas, it was a hopeless, unimproved country road.

To the Townbreds riding along, the change from the pike to the dirt road was most unpleasantly impressive.

Always, Mr. Townbred swore at it, and at the fossilized County officials who closed their eyes to its condition.

noisy work. "It'll explode! It'll explode! I know it will!"

And, without waiting or minding her step in the least, she opened the door and sprang out of the machine—ankle deep in mud.

Fortunately, what Mr. Townbred remarked was drowned by the whirr-r-r-r of the engine. He turned on "more gas," reversed, then started

they might return home in it. When they had finished luncheon, it was time to start for the ball park; and Mrs. Townbred was still nervous and upset from the ride. It was not until the fifth inning, with the bases loaded for the home team and their best batter up, that she was able to forget her morning ride. And from then on—all unmindful of the fact

"Please slow down, Ruthvin," cautioned Mrs. Townbred, "we're going over bumps."

"Huh! It's worse than this further on!" laughed Mr. Townbred—before he thought. And then he added hastily, "That is, in bad weather. Of course that little bit of rain we had last night merely laid the dust."

"Are you sure, Ruthvin?" asked Mrs. Townbred plaintively.

He was. But, alas, a sudden turn in the road and they found themselves deep in a mudhole, with the driving wheels spinning and spinning but the machine merely staggering along. It wasn't a soft, wet mudhole (oh, my yes, there's a distinction). But it was one sufficiently dry and pasty to have wheel ruts in it over a foot deep. And once a machine gets into such ruts it is harder to turn out of than well—the human kind.

The Townbreds' machine had struck just such ruts—and there it stuck. Mr. Townbred "gave it more gas" and the driving wheels responded. But they could gain no foothold.

"Oh! Ruthvin!" wailed Mrs. Townbred, as the "more gas" got in its

ahead "on low" and tried it all over again—but the wheels still spun in the oozy rut! Several times he "choked" his engine and had to climb out—white shoes—and crank.

To Mrs. Townbred, standing by the side of the road, it seemed a hopeless task. And it was beginning to seem that to Mr. Townbred also when another machine came along from the opposite direction and gave him a tow. Of course, once out of the rut the car ran.

That is, to be accurate, for about three miles, and then something happened. The machine "bucked" and coughed most plaintively. And presently one cylinder began to "miss" every once in a while, then another. So, a cripple, and a full two hours late, the Townbred car finally limped into the city.

"Please, Ruthvin," she begged, "please leave it at the first repair shop and let's get lunch."

"All right," answered Mr. Townbred meekly. "Look at the darn thing! I know one, two blocks ahead—if we can make it."

They did, and the repair man promised the car by four o'clock, so that



"Oh, Ruthvin, I'll Explode! I'll Explode! I Know It Will!"

smooth, well-oiled pike that ran for nearly half their journey. But from then on, alas, it was a hopeless, unimproved country road.

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## LITTLE FABLES OF THE BUSINESS WORLD

### The "Laborer"

HERE was once a Young Man who thought he was awful Hard Worked. And when Labor Day came 'round he was minded to consider it Rubbing It In. For, not being a real laborer, he had to keep on Working just the same. He didn't go in for any of this Sweet-of-Your-Brow Stuff nor did he bother about a Dinner Table, full or empty. He didn't consider men of That Vocation in his Class when it came to Toll. To hear him Tell It he was the Only Hombre who worked for his Living.

It was a Real Shame that the Boss made him get down to the Office by Eight-Thirty every morning. And that he was allowed Thirty Minutes for Lunch was Disgraceful. But that he couldn't Leave his Desk until Half-After-Five was nothing short of Criminal. Then, too, once in a while Things got in such a Jam that Our Young Hero had to spend an Evening or Two at the Office Straightening them Out—for which he got no Over-time.

There was no Doubt about it, the Boss was a Slave-Driver. And he himself might just as well be a Laborer with Pick and Shovel instead of Pen and Inkwell. And in return, he asked, what did he Get For It? Same old Salary with a Fat Chance of getting any Raise! In fact, he admitted he was a Boob to work for the Boss at all, a regular Good Thing.

Now it happened one day that he Ran Across a Real Laborer who found it hard to Scratch Along on Four Dollars per diem. O. Y. H. being somewhat Nosey got to Talking with him. The Real Laborer, too, it seems, was nursing a Grouch. And he was Ready and Waiting to Spill It. So O. Y. H. told him to go ahead and Shoot.

what was Sticking in his Craw was the fact that he couldn't see where he'd be any Better Off fifty years from then. He had no Chance to Make a Killing. To be handed a Fat Salary or to Get into Business for himself.

And he came Right Out and said that while he was at present Copping Out more coin than was O. Y. H. he would be Left at the Post in a Few

The Real Laborer was Strong for his Union and he admitted that it had Done a Lot for him. Also, he didn't complain about his Hours, since the Union said they were Right and since all his Pals also worked by them. But

Years in comparison.

Also, he thought it would be Mighty Nifty to come to an Office of a morning and Earn his money by sitting at a desk until Five-Thirty. He sort of Laid Out his Parents, too, for not having given him an Education. But outside of that, his Job was All Right.

Now this set O. Y. H. to Thinking. And the more he Thought the more he realized he wasn't having such a Rough Time of it after all. Presently it began to Seep through his Dome that the Muscles can work only So Many Hours and then they must Rest, but that the Brain cannot observe any Union Hours and Get Anywhere. A brainworker who figures his Labor by the clock isn't a Brainworker at all—but a Dumbpolt; just as a Real Laborer who worked Right Along for any old length of time would be a Boob.

So, instead of Cogitating about the time he spent at his Desk he began to think about what he was doing with his Brain. And he began to Wonder whether that Brain was already working its Full Capacity or whether it was Capable of Greater Attainments. He decided It Was. And right there he came to the conclusion that Ambition and Endeavor were a darnsight better than a Grouch and Self-Pity.

So he Got Busy—with his Eye on those Years Ahead.

Today, he isn't a Captain of Industry, nor a Pute. He isn't even in Business for himself. But he has got a Good Position with a Salary that his wife needn't Blush to mention.

And he is worrying These Days about not having Time Enough in which to do all the Things he wants to Accomplish. He doesn't Labor at all; he just Tends to his Business.

Moral: Education Did It.

charged? Nine dollars and something wasn't it? Well, we could have come in and out to the city on the trolley every day for a month for that amount! And be sure of getting here, too! No indeed, Ruthvin, we won't go back in—"

"But we'll have to pay storage on it if we leave it in the city!" Mr. Townbred objected. "And it's fifty cents a night, too!"

"Fifty cents?" echoed Mrs. Townbred. "Only fifty cents! Oh, Ruthvin, let's leave it there for a year!"

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